

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 57.—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
March 15, at Three o'clock. The programme will include: Symphony, "Eroica" (Beethoven); Piano-forte Concerto, in G minor (Saint-Saëns); Overture, *Guillem de Cabestanh*, Troubadour (O. Hubert H. Parry), first time of performance; Solo for Piano-forte, "Giga con Variazione" (Raff). (N.B.—The Symphony will be taken first). Vocalists—Mme Sophie Löwe; Herr Henschel. Solo Piano-forte—Miss Helen Hopkirk. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Ball, for a single concert, in Area or Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, in Area or Gallery, 1s. Admission to the Concert-room, for those not having stall or other tickets, 6d.; all exclusive of admission to the Palace. Transferable stall tickets for the remaining nine concerts, One Guinea.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL.
Director—Mr JOHN BOOSEY. Thirteenth Year.—LAST CONCERT BUT TWO. The next (SIXTEENTH) CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, March 19, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mme Sherrington, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuel, and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Barton McGuckin and Mr Edward Lloyd. Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. Piano-forte—Mme Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had at the Hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s Ballad Concert Office, 295, Regent Street.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her Annual Grand MATINEE-MUSICALE will take place at 59, LOWNDSE SQUARE, Belgravia (by kind permission, and under distinguished patronage), on SATURDAY, April 5th, at Three o'clock; assisted by Mme Liebart, Miss Leslie, Mme Sarruya, Miss Jessie Rose, Mr Gerard Coventry, and Signor Vegari. Violin—Herr Ludwig; Violoncello—Herr Daubert; Piano-forte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Conductors—Herr W. GANZ and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or One Guinea to admit three. Programmes to be had only of Mme or Miss L. ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Thirteenth Season, 1879. The next SOIRÉE will take place at the LANGHAM HALL, Great Portland Street, on THURSDAY Evening March 20. Prospectus now issued. Full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—Professors and Examiners: Signori Tito Mattel, Enrico Mattel, Monari Rocca; Herren Lutgen and Jacoby; Messrs Albert, Boumann, Amund Castegnier, Tournier, and J. Riviere; Messrs H. O. Cooper, F. Chatterton, T. Lawrence, J. Hutchins, T. E. Mann, T. Harper, Bernhardt, and Landowne Cottell. The fee for residents is 21 guineas per term, inclusive of full board and a first-class railway season ticket; Opera admission, &c. Students can enter any time. Programmes and prospectuses post free.—O. RAY, Sec., Langham Hall, W.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—LAMBORN COCK, after 35 years residence at 63, New Bond Street, begs to announce that circumstances have compelled him to REMOVE from the above address, and that he will carry on his business temporarily, by kind permission, at Messrs HUTCHINGS & ROMER'S, 9, CONDUIT STREET, Regent Street, where he solicits a continuation of the favours so largely bestowed upon him. All communications to be made to him at the above address.

REMOVAL OF RESIDENCE.

MR ABERCROMBIE respectfully requests that after March 25th all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to his new residence, "Ellerslie," Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.; or to N. YERZ, Esq., 63, New Bond Street.

MR ABERCROMBIE will sing: Worcester, March 18th (Saxons); Birmingham, 20th (Saxons); London, April 2nd; Brighton, 10th; Cheltenham, 12th; Sandown, 18th; London, 23rd; and during May, at Leeds, Halifax, Southampton, &c. For terms and dates please address as above.

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(For cast see Daily Papers.)

THIS EVENING, at 7.30, **IGNAZ BAULL'S "GOLDEN CROSS."**
To conclude with the Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES DE LA FORÊT." Invented and arranged by Mme Katti Lanner.
(For cast see Daily Papers.)

MONDAY next, March 17, "CARMEN."
TUESDAY next, March 18, "BOHEMIAN GIRL" (Last time.) Arline, Miss Julia Gaylord; Thaddaus, Mr Joseph Maas; and Queen of the Gipsies... Miss Mulholland.
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WEDNESDAY next, March 19, "CARMEN."
THURSDAY next, March 20, "THE GOLDEN CROSS" (Last time.)
FRIDAY next, March 21, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S "LILY OF KILLARNEY."
(Under the personal direction of the composer.)

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MR W. SHAKESPEARE will sing **ASCHER'S** popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Town Hall, Stratford, Thursday evening, March 20.

"ALICE."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play **ASCHER'S** popular Romance, "ALICE," **STERNDALE BENNETT'S** admired "RONDO PIAVOLE," and **TITO MATTEI'S** "HARVEST MOON," at Langham Hall, April 8th.

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MISS EMILIE PETRELLI will sing **W. VINCENT WALLACE'S** "SONG OF MAY," and **WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S** "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS," at the Langham Hall, on March 24.

MR and MME EDWYN FRITH (Basso and Contralto), of the Royal Albert Hall and St James's Hall Concerts, request communications concerning Oratorio, Ballad Concerts, &c., to be addressed care of N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, London, W. — Wislaw, March 19 (*Creation*); Paisley, 20 (*Judas Maccabeus*); Glasgow Sol-fa Society, April 3; and Arbroath, April 4 (*Samson*); &c. Terms moderate. Also pupils.

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MISS ANNIE BIRBECK will play **ASCHER'S** popular Romance, "ALICE," founded on the transcription of his famous song, "Alice, where art thou?" on the 24th March, at Langham Hall.

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MARCH 1, 1879.

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Rienzi and *Carmen* would probably run through the rest of the season with entire satisfaction to the public, but Mr Rosa sometimes gives two performances a day, and then it becomes desirable to offer a little variety. There were two performances on Wednesday week, one of which was devoted to Bizet's opera, and the other, as a change from *Rienzi*, to Sir Julius Benedict's ever-welcome *Lily of Killarney* the composer himself conducting. Our remarks upon this representation need not take up much space, since it presented few points of novelty, while the music itself, thanks to merit of the highest order, is among the most familiar in the domain of English opera. It is hard, nevertheless, to refrain from dwelling at length, though for the fiftieth time, upon the singular force and truth of the "local colour" with which the German musician has made his Irish work so attractive. To say that Balfe, an Irishman born, could not have produced anything equally characteristic is not to say much, for Balfe was cosmopolitan before all, and, in the absence of any means of comparison, we can only marvel at and admire the skill and tact so plentifully shown. To the quality just mentioned must be attributed the abiding favour enjoyed by Benedict's work. The popular mind, perhaps without knowing why, sees in it that which is true as well as beautiful, and readily submits to the influence of merits which, in combination, are always irresistible. Without going so far as to say that the performance was free from blemish, we may award it the praise deserved by various points of excellence. Most conspicuous was the vocal and dramatic charm of Miss Gaylord's Eily, an impersonation hardly second to any on our lyric stage, and one the value of which has been often ungrudgingly acknowledged. Miss Gaylord's success on Wednesday equalled that of any previous performance; finding its best manifestation in the universal sympathy called forth by her embodiment of the character. Miss Josephine Yorke again played Mrs Cregan acceptably, while Miss Warwick as Anne Chute made all that was possible of her part. On the other hand, Miss Ella Collins as Sheelah served to remind us, by force of contrast, that Mr Rosa could once command the services of Mrs Aynsley Cook. Again have we to commend the Myles of Mr Lyall, the Father Tom of Mr Szazelle, and the Hardress Cregan of Mr Packard. It may be said that Mr Packard makes little of his part in a dramatic sense; but we should remember that the character is contemptible, and that an artist must, when playing it, have as crushing a sense of meanness as he who assumes the rôle of Pollio in *Norma*, or Vasco di Gama in *L'Africaine*. Perhaps, the best thing he can do is to get through it with an obvious protest against the fate which compels him to simulate a coward who, though he repudiates murder, is ready enough to commit bigamy at the risk of breaking a woman's heart. If there were poetic justice in the *Lily of Killarney* as regards its hero (so-called), the drama would end with his being put under a pump. Mr Packard sang in his usual acceptable manner, and had to repeat "Eily Mavourneen." As Danny Mann, Mr Leslie Crotty made another step in advance. True, his dramatic conception and working out of the character wanted that which further experience will supply, but his singing was remarkable for charm of voice and natural expression. In the "Colleen Bawn" he obtained a unanimous encore, the house not caring to ask by what right a fellow who intends the murder of an innocent girl stops to moulder over the beauty and excellence of his victim. Sir Julius Benedict conducted his own music in a manner possible to no one else, and was received on taking his place with loud and long applause.—D. T.

THE "NATIONAL OPERA" HOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you kindly permit us to contradict the statements in the *Standard* of the 8th inst. that we, as Agents General for our respective Colonies, "have entered into negotiations with the Committee of Management of the National Operahouse with the view of securing the site appropriated to that building on the Thames Embankment," or that we have formed or pronounced any opinion of this site "as peculiarly suitable for the purpose" of "the long contemplated Colonial Museum." The only foundation for such statements consists in the fact that, at the request of a gentleman who has taken some interest in the matter, we wrote a joint letter, the purport of which was to inquire the price of the site in question, and to state that if it "could be purchased at a reasonable sum, we should feel happy to communicate the fact to our respective Governments for their consideration."—We remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

ARCHIBALD MICHIE, Agent General for Victoria. WILLIAM FORSTER, New South Wales. JULIUS VOGEL, New Zealand. A. MACALISTER, Queensland. ARTHUR BLTTE, South Australia.

March 10.

A NEW SYMPHONY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Fine weather and a new symphony by a justly esteemed English composer attracted on Saturday a large audience to the Crystal Palace. Mr Villiers Stanford, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, and conductor of the University Musical Society, was already known to the London public by several pieces of incidental music composed for Mr Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, and performed as *entr'actes* when that drama was produced at the Lyceum Theatre. An overture, too, from his pen—written for the Gloucester Festival—was presented to the public of the Crystal Palace Concerts towards the end of 1877. Mr Stanford has published a psalm for solos, chorus, and orchestra, a pianoforte trio, a sonata for piano and violin, and many songs. The symphony performed on Saturday, when it was executed for the first time in public, was written with a view to the prize offered three years ago by the proprietors of the Alexandra Palace. No fewer than forty-six symphonies were sent in anonymously. The judges were Herr Joachim and Mr Macfarren; and, while the first prize was gained by Mr Davenport (who, it will be remembered, produced an overture at one of M^{me} Viard-Louis' recent concerts), the second was adjudged to Mr Villiers Stanford for the work brought out on Saturday. Mr Stanford's symphony is written throughout in masterly style. It abounds in melodies—for which reason the principal theme of the opening *largo* need not have been repeated quite so often; and it is exceedingly long—which suggests the question whether much of the introductory matter in the same movement might not with advantage have been compressed. The *largo* is followed by a *scherzo* in slow waltz time, which, but that Schubert in his own graceful and tender style stands alone, might be declared "worthy of Schubert." The third movement is an *andante*, in which the two principal themes, especially a very beautiful one for the horns, are full of expression; and the work is brought to a conclusion by a spirited and highly rhythmical *allegro*.

(From the "Daily News.")

The concert of Saturday last brought forward a manuscript symphony by Mr C. Villiers Stanford. This gentleman is organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, and conductor of the University Musical Society there. He has gained some reputation as a composer, by the production of several important pieces of chamber music. An overture by Mr Stanford was composed for, and produced at, the Gloucester Festival of 1877, and performed at a Crystal Palace concert in November of the same year. The work now referred to was one of the forty-six symphonies sent in (anonymously) to the directors of the Alexandra Palace, in competition for prizes offered by them, in 1876, for the two best productions of its class. The judges were Herr Joachim and Professor Macfarren, and they awarded the first prize to Mr Davenport, the second to Mr Stanford. This gentleman's symphony opens with a *largo*, in B flat, leading to an *allegro vivace* in the same key, the leading theme of which has a strong resemblance (possibly intended) to the Scotch tune, "The Campbells are coming," other phrases elsewhere in the symphony being suggestive of Irish national airs. The first division of the work is followed by a *scherzo*, in which the style of the old German *Ländler* (a kind of slow waltz) is imitated; a strong contrast being obtained by the two associated trios in a brisker tempo. The *andante tranquillo* which follows, certainly fulfils to the utmost the conditions of the second of the terms by which it is entitled; its tranquillity being sustained and prolonged to a degree of languor and wearisomeness. The finale, *allegro molto*, is of a very different character, animation of a certain kind prevailing throughout, its vivacity sometimes approaching boisterousness. After an attentive hearing of the symphony it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it is throughout devoid of the interest and importance of subject matter, the skill in treatment and development which are required in a work so ambitious in form. There is no escape from saying this, considering the facts of its being a prize work, and its selection for performance where only music of a high (if not always the highest) order should be heard. If Mr Stanford again submits his symphony to a public hearing he will do well, in the meantime, to recast and reduce it and revise some of its orchestral combinations.

[This last criticism is less highly rhythmical than the other. "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?" We wait the decision of D. T. *Thersiphus Querc.*]

OLDENBURG.—A new Stadttheater is to be erected at a cost of 300,000 marks. Of this sum the town will furnish one-third and the Grand Duke another, while the House of Representatives have voted the balance.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Robert Schumann was the hero of the concert given on Monday night, two important works from his pen being in the programme—one for the first time. The novelty excited particular interest among amateurs acquainted with its character and the circumstances under which it was written. These, indeed, are worth so much more than passing notice that we may fitly dwell upon them now. Readers of Schumann's biography know that in September, 1850, the master removed from Dresden to Düsseldorf, there succeeding Dr Ferdinand Hiller as music-director. Even at that time he was passing into the valley of the shadow of death, and the depressing influence of increasing brain disease, aided by a normal incapacity for public work, made the change anything save a success. For a time things went well, but in the autumn of 1853 they could go on no longer with satisfaction, and Schumann's engagement in the Lower Rhenish city abruptly closed. Meanwhile, he had wrought at his desk with a zeal and earnestness which the consciousness of being in a false public position augmented rather than impaired. From the un congenial task of rehearsal and performance Schumann flew lovingly to that of the creative musician. Fond of silence and solitude, and given to communing with his own thoughts, he found within the four walls of his quiet study the seclusion and rest that never taste so sweet as when enjoyed in the intervals of conspicuous employment. To this period belong some of the master's most remarkable, if not finest, compositions. It was at Düsseldorf in 1850 that he wrote the "Rhenish" symphony, and the overture to Schiller's *Bride of Messina*, which were followed in 1851 by the overture to *Julius Cæsar*, *The Pilgrimage of the Rose*, the sonata in A minor for violin and pianoforte, the pianoforte trio in G minor, and the overture to Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*. In 1852 were composed the Latin Mass and Requiem, together with a number of smaller works and arrangements. But towards the close of this year Schumann's disease made alarming progress, and the physicians ordered him to Sehevingen. Returning thence somewhat improved, the master again, and for the last time, set to work. Bracing up all his failing faculties for a supreme effort, and though harassed by mental delusions of the most distracting character, he produced in 1853 a number of compositions, among them *The Luck of Edenhall*, the charming *Scenes of Childhood*, and the fantasia for violin and pianoforte, which, as the novelty above referred to, was played by Herr Joachim and Mlle Krebs on Monday night. After this Schumann did little. In February, 1854, he tried to drown himself in the Rhine, and in July, 1856, came the melancholy yet merciful end. The work just introduced to us is, therefore, attended by sad memories, while a knowledge of all the circumstances scarcely disposes us to look to it for an illustration of the author's noblest gifts. As a matter of fact, it lacks many of the qualities that constitute Schumann's greatness, yet it is in every sense distinctive of his genius. No other composer could have penned it, or, even as an exercise in imitation, have approached the peculiar turns of thought and expression which stamp every page of the music with Schumann's name writ large. That the fantasia is laboured, and in a very slight measure inspired, can easily be accounted for. At the time of producing it Schumann had lost a great deal of mental vigour and elasticity. We are told by his biographer, Wasielewski, that when hearing music at this period "he always thought the time too fast; longed to have it slower, and insisted upon it when he led. This was clearly because he was no longer able to follow a brisk movement. His demeanour was sad; and his reception of intimate friends, in spite of apparent cordiality, revealed great apathy." From a man in this state it would be absurd to look for that which is possible only to bodily and mental strength, and the marvel is that the fantasia reflects in any measure at all the spirit of health. A point of interest in the performance arose from the fact that the solo was originally written for Herr Joachim, and first played by him at Düsseldorf in October, 1853. It is not a grateful solo, which probably explains why we have not heard it before; but Herr Joachim discharged an obvious duty in bringing it before a public who should be made acquainted with everything, great or small, coming from a genius like Schumann's. The other work, by this master, performed on Monday, was the well-known quartet in A minor, between which and the fantasia, regarded as having a common origin, there could hardly be a greater contrast. Two movements in the quartet—namely, the *allegro* and *scherzo*—belong to the very highest art, and the first of these is simply divine in its purity and loveliness.

As her pianoforte solo, Mlle Krebs introduced, with a success as brilliant as the music, Bach's prelude and fugue *à la Tarantelle*. Mlle Krebs, while competent to anything, is a born exponent of music by the old masters. Her neat and rapid fingers touch off the composers of the last century to the life, and Bach himself, could he

have heard his work on Monday night, would have joined in the applause which compelled Mlle Krebs to reappear, and gratify her admirers with an equally effective rendering of the fourth of Mendelssohn's Seven Characteristic Pieces. Haydn's Quartet in D minor, Op. 76, closed the concert, and the vocalist was Miss Orridge, a young contralto gifted with a singularly fine voice. Miss Orridge is not yet equal to Gluck's "Che farò," though, we are bound to say, the audience expressed a contrary opinion; but she sang "Quando a te lieta" charmingly.

LETTER FROM M. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY.

Londres, dimanche, 2 mars, 1879.

MON CHER GUILLANT.—Je viens d'éprouver une des satisfactions les plus vives qu'un artiste puisse goûter dans sa vie, et je veux que vous en preniez votre part. Vous savez que M. Leslie a voulu témoigner publiquement sa sympathie pour la France et le bon souvenir qu'il avait gardé de notre accueil pendant l'Exposition, en donnant à son premier concert de la saison un caractère international. Sur le programme du concert donné à Saint-James's Hall, le 27 février, figuraient les noms de six compositeurs français : ceux de Félicien David, d'Ambr. Thomas, de Gounod, de Laurent de Rillé, le vôtre et le mien. L'exécution de tous les morceaux a été excellente. Je ne vous surprendrai pas en vous disant que votre prière en fa, interprétée sur l'orgue par M. John C. Ward, a été accueillie avec une grande faveur. J'ai regretté seulement qu'on n'ait pas joué de vous une composition plus développée. J'ai bénéficié pour la plus large part de la courtoisie de nos voisins, bien que je n'en fusse pas le plus digne. M. Leslie a tenu faire entendre à Londres dans son entier l'œuvre en cinq parties dont un fragment avait valu le grand prix à sa Société au concours du Trocadéro. Je lui en garde une double reconnaissance comme compositeur et comme Français. Ma symphonie chorale a reçu du public anglais l'accueil le plus chaleureux. L'exécution en a été splendide. Mes moindres intentions ont été rendues avec une étonnante perfection par les deux cents choristes que je dirigeais, et qui, l'œil ardent et fixé sur moi, scrutaient mon regard, pour lire et pour traduire tout ce que je ressentais.

La Société Leslie est, vous le savez, entièrement composée d'amateurs; mais ces amateurs chantent comme des artistes convaincus. Je ne puis vous dire, mon cher Guilmant, l'excellente réception qui m'a été faite, les témoignages de sympathie qui m'ont été prodigués. Par une délicate et charmante attention, les membres de la Société m'ont offert, avant mon départ, un souvenir avec cette inscription : "Good will from the members of M. Henry Leslie's choir." (Bon vouloir des membres de la Société de M. Henri Leslie.) "Good will!" le bon vouloir, l'entier dévouement, c'est là le nerf de la musique chorale, c'est là ce qui fait les exécutions chaudes, éloquentes, inspirées! Good will!... Les membres de la Société Leslie m'en ont donné le 27 février une preuve que je ne pouvais oublier. Ils ont voulu y joindre un témoignage persistant et durable. C'est là un lien de plus qui enchaîne ma sympathie à la leur, et mon souvenir s'envolera bien souvent de l'autre côté du détroit pour évoquer l'image de ces interprètes vaillants et dévoués.

J'espère qu'une autre fois, mon cher Guilmant, c'est vous qui aurez la place d'honneur, et vous porterez haut le drapeau de notre école si on exécute de vous une œuvre importante comme cette belle symphonie pour orgue et orchestre qui vous a valu l'été dernier au Trocadéro un triomphe si mérité. Croyez à mon affectueux dévouement.

L. A. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.
Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.
THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 13th:—

Hymenal Music.

Wedding March	Mendelssohn.
Bénédictio Nuptiale	C. Saint-Saëns.
Air and Chorus, "Happy pair!"	Handel.
Hymn to Venus, "Non sdegnare"	Gluck.
Wedding March, for the Organ	W. T. Best.
Air, "In native worth"	Haydn.
Overture, <i>Jubilee</i>	Weber.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15th:—

Overture, <i>Gutenberg</i>	J. L. Hatton.
Andante con Variazioni (Notturmo)	Spohr.
Organ Sonata, in D minor	S. Lange.
Triumphal March, <i>Siege of Corinth</i>	Rossini.
Pastorale Calabrese	G. Morand.
Bourrée, from the Opera of <i>Pastor Fido</i>	Handel.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

The new Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts and Theatres is still very busy. He has followed up his letter to the *Inspecteurs de théâtres* by a letter to the managers. Here it is:

"Paris, 26th February, 1879.

"Monsieur le Directeur, I have the honour to inform you that, by a Ministerial decision bearing date the 15th inst., the staff of theatrical inspectors, as re-organized, consists of MM. de Forges, Régnier, Paul Bourdon, and Liévin. I beg to request that you will adopt the necessary measures for admitting these functionaries into the theatre under your management, so that they may experience no difficulty in performing the duties with which they are charged. I seize this occasion, Monsieur le Directeur, to remind you of the principal rules and regulations to which the theatres of Paris, in their relations to the Administration, are subjected by the laws, decrees, and decisions obtaining in such matters.

"Every dramatic work, before being performed, must be authorized by the Administration, and such authorization may always be withdrawn for reasons of public order. To obtain the authorization for performing a dramatic work, old or new, you must leave at the Bureau des Théâtres, 3, Rue de Valois (Palais Royal), at least a fortnight previous to the proposed performance, two perfectly legible manuscripts or two printed copies of the work, be it what it may, piece, detached scene, cantata, romance, song, or *chansonnette*. The fact of your leaving the work will be evidenced by a serial number marked on the work itself and entered in a register kept for the purpose, and also by a receipt given to you on your leaving the work. After the examination of the work, if its performance is authorized, and after a general rehearsal before the Inspectors, one of the copies left will be handed, bearing the official endorsement, to the manager, who may then perform the piece. The second copy will remain in the archives at the Bureau des Théâtres. The copy bearing the authorization must, whenever required, be shown to the Police Commissary charged with the superintendence of your theatre. A new, or revived, work cannot be announced in your bills till after the two copies have been left at the Bureau des Théâtres. A special authorization will be given you for the bills, and no addition must then be made to the title when the latter has been once approved. With regard to works which, by their nature, require numerous rehearsals and a large outlay to place them on the stage, you will not, in your own interest, give them out for study previously to obtaining the authorization for their performance. It has frequently happened that, to obtain the removal of a necessary prohibition, theatrical managers have pointed to the time already devoted to the study of a work and the heavy expenses already incurred for the scenery and costumes; as an anticipatory authorization offers managers a sure means of escaping all risk of the above description, such considerations will not be allowed to influence the decisions of the Administration. I must remind you, moreover, Monsieur le Directeur, that the rehearsal to which you ask the Inspectors must take place with scenery, properties, complete lighting-up of the stage, and, in a word, with everything necessary, so as not in any way to dissimulate any of the effects in the public performance. No person not engaged in the theatre can be admitted to the rehearsal especially intended for the Inspectors. In cases where a new work has to undergo important modifications, the Administration may ask for a second rehearsal, partial or general. Day rehearsals must not last more than six hours; night rehearsals must, as far as possible, terminate by midnight. The Inspectors of Theatres must be invited three days beforehand to the general rehearsal. Lastly, Monsieur le Directeur, you will have to make such arrangements with the persons in your bill department that one of your bills shall be left every day at the Bureau des Théâtres. I shall feel obliged by your kindly acknowledging the receipt of this circular. I remain, Monsieur le Directeur, &c.,

"EDMOND TURQUET,
"Under-Secretary of State for
"Fine Arts."

A Committee will, according to the *Paris-Journal*, shortly be appointed to examine most thoroughly all the theatres of the capital, both before and behind the curtain, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the directions issued for the safety of public and actors are really carried out. It is more especially the everlasting question of the means of egress which occupies the attention of the authorities. It is proposed that there shall be a passage running through the middle of the stalls and pit in every theatre and that, at the conclusion of the performance, the non-commissioned officer commanding the guard for the day shall himself open the supplementary doors, of which the keys can

never be found when wanted. The sooner a similar Committee sets to work in London the better.

There is a singular dearth of news for the moment. The principal, indeed, only novelty at the lyric theatres has been the first performance at the Opéra-Comique of *La Courte Echelle*, a three-act opera, book by M. Larouinat, music by M. Membre. Without being especially striking, the story is amusing, and the music, though not remarkable for originality, is pleasing. The principal personages, Diane de Beaumont and the Vicomte de Chamilly, are represented by Mdlle Chevrier and M. Morlet. The curtain fell on a moderate success.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

La Camargo and *Les Fourchambaults* have been produced at the Salle Monsigny, with success. *Les Esclaves*, *La petite muette*, *Les Abandonnées*, have been repeated several times, and, for the time of year, the house has been crowded, not so crowded, however, as when M. Froment gives "heavy drama" at reduced prices, (*Le Bossu de Paris*, *Le Juif errant*, &c.), on Monday evenings. *Camille Desmoulins* has only been played once. *La Camargo* has been repeated so often that the airs are whistled about the streets. The theatrical season is nearly over, nevertheless, for the benefit of Mdlle Denis, our charming dugazon, *La Marjolaine* is to be played the only time this year. *Les Brigands* (*Falsacapa*) will be repeated on Saturday, and to-morrow *Niniche* makes her final bow. The bal-masqués on the three days before Lent were successful, and we expect some fun to-morrow week (*mi-carême*). Our artists play *Camargo* in Calais, on Friday, as they have had no opera-comique there during the present year, and yearn occasionally to have a good laugh instead of always being obliged to listen to the heavy dramas M. Quettier (a Boulonnais, by-the-bye) has been treating them with for the last four months. After the season (i.e., this month) M. Froment takes some of his *troupe* to an engagement at Amiens, where the director has not been very successful. The new director of the Salle Monsigny is M. de Joly. He was here some seven or eight years ago and gave great satisfaction. His daughter, Mdlle de Joly, I have often mentioned in the *Musical World* as appearing in grand operas three years ago. She will, of course, be heard again. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 12th March, 1879.

MDME VIARD-LOUIS.

M. and Mdme Viardot-Louis had a musical "at home," on the 11th inst., at their residence in Onslow Place, their guests being invited to listen to the following programme:—

Overture, *Guillaume Tell*, piano et harmonium (Rossini)—Mdme Jenny Viard-Louis, M. Louis Engel; Sonata, Op. 120, "Chromatiche," piano et violon (Raff)—Mdme Jenny Viard-Louis, Herr Kummer; Sonata, Op. 101, piano seul (Beethoven)—Mdme Jenny Viard-Louis; Aria, "Una furtiva," *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti); Sonata, Op. 18, piano et violoncelle (Rubinstein)—Mdme Jenny Viard-Louis, M. J. Lasserre; Trio, piano, violon, et violoncelle (C. A. Franck)—Mdme Jenny Viard-Louis, Herr Kummer, M. J. Lasserre. Vocalists—Mr Herbert Thorndike and Signor Fabrini.

The selection, as may be seen, was varied and interesting; and the whole passed off to the satisfaction of every amateur present.

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.*

I laid a lily softly at the feet
Of Her who reigns the Old Land's queenly Rose;
Each snowy cell was filled with incense sweet
Of love as deep as did e'er heart enclose.

But when She raised, with gracious gentleness,
My little flower, my spirit on it fell
In passion prayer—"My Queen, may God thee bless!"
"God bless Her!" echoed every lily-bell.

Chime on, white bells, for through Her kingdoms three
That prayer doth rise—as from afar, I ween,
It soars to heaven, where England's chivalry
Are charging now—"For England and the Queen!"

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Herr Joachim played Brahms' new violin concerto at this society's concert in St James's Hall, on Thursday night, the 6th inst., and there was, of course, a larger attendance of amateurs, those being not the least eager who had heard the work at Sydenham, and were curious as to the impression resulting from further acquaintance. After the Crystal Palace performance we, for our own part, had no alternative but to state frankly that the concerto did not appear in the expected favourable light. It was necessary, however, because demanded by an obvious sense of justice, to give this opinion under the reserve imposed by imperfect knowledge. Now, we can speak with greater assurance. A second hearing has brought conviction where erstwhile there was natural and proper doubt, and we are sorry to say that we liked the work no better for knowing it more. Indeed, it is not rash to pronounce this music a distinct failure, regarded as the production of an eminent man. Had it been brought forward by a novice it would, no doubt, have arrested instant and great attention. We should have looked upon the composer in that case as a man of singular ability, who had not yet found the sources of inspiration, and whose ambition, therefore, exceeded his means. But Herr Brahms is in far worse case than our supposititious beginner. He had given us a high standard by which to measure him, and here his loftiest is far below it. The result is disappointment, but not despair, for the falling off seems due to accident of circumstances—to the fact that the composer, writing for friendship's sake, and not, as Wagner would say, from inward necessity, found himself hampered by conditions to which he was unaccustomed. This explanation we distinctly base upon an undeniable feature in the work—namely, the complete falling away of interest whenever the solo instrument begins to amplify or in any manner, save absolutely repeating them, to deal with the themes. So long as Brahms handles his materials symphonically he commands attention, and there are many passages in the concerto, notably in the first movement, that deserve to rank among noble and beautiful things. But no sooner does the unfortunate solo rush to the front than the music becomes vague, diffuse, and disconnected. At such time the composer seems to lose his head, and falls an easy victim to the dominating fiddle, which runs away with him anyhow. Of course we do not say that from a violinist's point of view the solo is not all that could be desired, and assuredly there must be something in it to an expert, or an artist like Herr Joachim would never have taken it up, even for friendship's sake. But Brahms would himself confess that the day when a concerto found its *raison d'être* in the difficulty or brilliancy of the solo has long since come to an end. Beethoven set up a loftier ideal for works of this class by making not only the orchestra subordinate, but the solo also, both working in their several ways towards the attainment of a purely artistic and æsthetic object, in its very nature beyond and above either. We do not discern an object in the concerto of Brahms, for the simple but sufficient reason that the solo exists *per se*, and aims at nothing but self-display. How different is this from the distinguishing feature of Mendelssohn's one work of the kind. There, while the principal performer is satiated with opportunities for grateful and effective virtuosity, every bar of his music is strictly in accord with a design clearly marked, coherent, intelligible, and symmetrical. Following the mazes of the solo one has always a sign-post in view, determining the locality, the route, and the whereabouts of the goal. Whereas in the track of Brahms we are often at a loss to discover where we are, how we got there, and by what means we may escape. Clearly, then, our distinguished contemporary master is not a master of the form here essayed, and this is the explanation upon which we would insist. To suppose that he cannot write better music would, in the light of previous achievements, be absurd. But, assuredly, the instances are rare in which a composer so eminent has ventured to extend the scope of his labours with so little success. For Herr Joachim's performance we have nothing but unqualified praise. As an instance of mastery over the violin it was simply stupendous, and the only possible drawback lay in the feeling that what was played did not permit a full and general appreciation of the player's resources. But in this respect, Herr Joachim took his revenge later on, when he introduced the recitative and andante from Spohr's sixth concerto. If, before, the Hungarian artist was astonishing, here he was ravishing. Within sound of that wonderful violin, as it sang Spohr's lovely melody, it was not difficult, *pace* Mr Ralston—who would, perhaps, explode the story—to believe in the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Happily, Herr Joachim is gentle and benevolent, and not likely to lure anybody's children into deep and deadly rivers by the charm of his witching music.

In the remainder of the programme there was no novelty, though much excellence. The symphonies were Haydn's in E flat, No. 8 of the Salomon set and the mighty "Jupiter"—thanks to J. B. Cramer for the name—of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, before which every

amateur bowed in reverence. How comforting it is to know, amid the distractions of modern "schools," that, though the forms of art may change, its principles are immutable, and that through all coming time works in which those principles are embodied will be held sacred—save, perhaps, by a wretched and impotent minority of self-sufficient iconoclasts. Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* ended the concert, the vocal music in the programme—two songs of Mozart—being sung by Miss Thurbury to the apparent satisfaction of the audience. Mr Cusins conducted as usual.—D. T.

TRINITY COLLEGE MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Mr Francis Clarke, the organizing secretary of the Malvern Local Examinations in "Elementary Musical Knowledge," has addressed the subjoined letter to the editor of the *Malvern News*:—

"Sir,—Your musical readers may be interested to know that a local centre in connection with Trinity College, London, has just been established for this neighbourhood, and that examinations in elementary musical knowledge will be held at Malvern, as the local centre, simultaneously with many other centres throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, in June next. Instead of aiming at musical education in London alone, Trinity College seeks to foster it also in the provinces by going out to the people themselves; it brings musical culture to their very doors and attests ability by means of prizes, honours, and certificates, awarded by some of the most distinguished musicians of the day. It is most gratifying to be able to say that these local examinations are now by far the largest musical examinations held in this country, or, indeed, in the whole of Europe. In several large centres, general interest in the scheme has been aroused; the municipal authorities have in several cases granted the free use of public rooms for the examinations, and friends have voluntarily come forward with subscriptions towards local prizes. I cannot believe that Malvern, a place so associated with higher education, will be one whit behind other centres of equal importance in supporting the examinations, and the neighbourhood in supplying candidates; more especially when it is known that the examinations are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, or creed, and that the entrance fees (especially in the case of enrolled schools and choirs) are almost nominal. The College, in response to a desire generally expressed in the provinces, has also recently instituted a system of local examinations in pianoforte playing and singing, and has appointed a visiting examiner—Professor E. M. Lott, L. Mus.—on whose report certificates may at any time be granted to efficient candidates. As soon as a sufficient number of intending candidates is reported from Malvern and neighbourhood, I hope to have the pleasure of arranging for the examiner's visit to Worcestershire. I have only to add, that at the request of the Academic Board, the office of honorary local secretary for this centre has been undertaken by the Rev. T. W. Wood, the Rhydd, Upton-on-Severn, of whom copies of the regulations may be obtained, and who will gladly afford information to inquirers."

The "Local Examinations"—the *Malvern News* informs us—are held annually in the summer.

MR EDWARD HOGARTH.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Monday chronicles the death of another excellent fellow, whose chief and honourable occupation was that of a journalist.

"Mr Edward N. Hogarth died on Saturday evening from consumption, his wife having died but a few days before him. The deceased was the son of the late Mr George Hogarth, for many years a member of the staff of this journal, and was the youngest brother of Mrs Charles Dickens, who is herself in a precarious state of painful illness. The death took place at his residence in Albert Street, where his wife still lies; and they will be, in all likelihood, buried together."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 10.

Mr Edward Hogarth was one of those exceptional men who, enjoying the esteem of all, scarcely can be said to have known, or even to have deserved an enemy. The worthy son of a worthy father, whom most of those who move within the same sphere remember well and pleasantly, he has gone to join that father in another world, and with him his no less highly esteemed lady, whose death he only survived for a very brief period.

THE VIRTUOSO AND THE PUBLIC.

A very excellent article entitled "Virtuosity versus Art," which was copied from the London *Musical Standard* into the number of this journal for November 9th, emphasizes certain points concerning the relation which virtuosity, properly so called, is too often made to bear to true art. If the habit some brilliant performers have of altering the printed letter of respectable compositions for the sake of displaying their personal executive powers, and of fascinating the not over-earnest listener by their facile toying with astonishing difficulties, were the only evil result of that self-love which tempts the virtuoso to try to outbid the composer in the esteem of the public, the *Standard's* article would cover the whole ground. But this is the least of its evils. The parading of unnecessary difficulties can nowadays mislead the admiration of only the very partially musical person. No one who is in earnest about listening to music for musical ends can be carried away by it. And let it be said here, at once, that the class of listeners whose applause lies in wait for mere executive pyrotechnics are of the merest imaginary importance in the world of art. The purity or impurity of the musical impressions they receive is of very secondary moment. As it is unimportant whether the pitiable individual whose whim leads him to take singing lessons, though he have no music in his soul, and no voice in his throat, be well taught or ill, so is it unimportant what music is played (or how it is played) to the unmusical listener whose ear is on the alert for the mere circus-riding side of the art. If a savage have a taste for glass beads, we are content to purchase the right of way through his territory with that article, without attempting to develop his taste for diamonds. There is no need of people being musical who have no natural bent that way. We sow seed in the soil that is fitted for it; and if a farmer's land can bear wheat, he were foolish to go to the expense of artificially making it rich enough to bear tobacco.

It is the really musical people whose musical culture we should have at heart, and they are for the most part little to be harmed by the exhibition of fireworks. The virtuoso, if he be nothing better, is soon enough appreciated at his proper value by them; they do not let his flash ground-and-lofty-tumbling influence their musical notions one whit.

But there is another sort of virtuosity—what might be called a transcendental virtuosity—which is far more insidious and harmful than the mere physical kind, and which, especially in our own day, works much ruin among just that class of listeners whom the true music-lover and artist should most try to cultivate. This is the virtuosity which does not so much seek to dress up music in unworthy gew-gaws to catch the applause of the tinsel-loving masses, as to pierce to the heart of the music itself and change its very essence. Here we have the very devil in music. The man who plays certain great compositions "in his own way,"—"with overpoweringly grand subjectivity of conception" is a longer term for it,—even if he do not add any unnecessary flourishes of his own, can do almost incalculable harm to the general musical taste. He presents the works of great composers in a false light, which is the more injurious in that its æsthetic untruth is not always to be easily detected. The Venus of the Medici, decked out in diamond bracelets and ear-drops, would call forth a cry of horror from a vast number of persons who would not be shocked by seeing the god-like statue hewn out of a block of alabaster. Many music-lovers would scorn admiring virtuoso ornamentation, while they might be unsuspectingly carried away by virtuosity of conception. The day has now gone by when Leopold de Meyer could win applause by heaping gratuitous trills and arpeggi upon a Chopin nocturne, and Liszt could bedevil the first movement of Beethoven's Opus 27 sonata without fear of reproach; but Sir Michael Costa puts trombones and a big drum and cymbals into the first *finale* of *Don Giovanni*, and substitutes a bass-tuba for the cello in parts of the second *finale*, without running any risk of the gallows; Anton Rubinstein plays the Schumann quintet "in the Russian (quare: rushing?) manner" to the almost unanimous applause of enraptured audiences. Yet Mozart knew how to make his *Don Giovanni finale* one of the most overpowering pages in dramatic music without having recourse to crashing instrumentation, and Schumann wrote his quintet in the Schumann manner, but by no means in the Russian manner.

The sins against composers that are committed by many artists to-day, and of which I have tried to give two significant examples, have been too generally referred by critics to the (real or supposed) inclination toward the intense in art which characterizes the spirit of our era. I do not think that this is the true explanation of the evil. In the first place I utterly deny that art is more intense in its intrinsic character now than it was years ago. Homer's Achilles is as intensely passionate a person as any character in modern

poetry; Victor Hugo's Barkilphedro cannot outdo Iago; King Lear puts any modern unhappy father to the blush by the unbridled vehemence of his invective; Heathcliff can do his worst to nurture fury in the bosom of his luckless ward, but he cannot make a Caliban of him; Emily Brontë cannot ring out a curse as Shakspeare could; Verdi's "Dies Ira" is weak beside Sebastian Bach's "Donner und Blitzen;" the wildest-whirling Tarantelle Liszt ever concocted is tame by the side of Beethoven's "Dervishes' Chorus;" the Commendatore's "Non si pasce di cibo mortale" chills the blood as Alberich's "Der Liebe fluch' ich" cannot do; even in the domain of the purely horrible, which our age seems to be in some respects ambitious to claim as especially its own, the most tremendous example I know of in all modern music, the appalling phrase to the words "Dévoré palpitant par ces monstres hideux," in Berlioz's *La Prise de Troie*, is not more terrible than Handel's "They loathed to drink of the river." No, it is not intensity that is our besetting sin; it is lack of discrimination; the ancients were quite as intense as we. But nowadays, if we try to express passion, we are, in general, too prone to deal in broad generalities; we express love as we instinctively feel it, with little regard for whether we impersonate a Juliet or a Messalina; if cursing is to be done, we do it with heartiest good will, but we do not sufficiently distinguish between the invective of a King Lear or a Duke of Gloster (in Henry the VI., not in Richard the III.) and the billingsgate of a Thersites. We make a Chopin A flat polonaise pass as legal tender for the warlike fury of a Cossack horde with as little compunction as we change the high-bred elegance of Verdi's "Bella figlia d'amore" into the screaming of a drunken candidate for six months in the House of Correction, or the chivalric fire of the *andante* of the C minor symphony into the flaccid sentimentality of a fashionable boudoir in the days of Louis XV. We make Mendelssohn sigh like Schumann; we make the graceful and winning Mozart chant like Palestrina; we make Schumann sound like Brahms; we turn Weber, Meyerbeer, and Beethoven into—well, the metamorphoses that we have not made Beethoven undergo would be difficult to name. By "we" I mean a large class of performers who command the admiration of audiences to-day.

Many otherwise admirable artists, and of the very highest reputation too, seem to try their uttermost to adapt whatever composition falls into their hands to their own—often transcendently brilliant—powers, instead of trying to adapt their powers to it; they have a sort of Procrustes' bed, which everything they sing or play must be made to fit willy-nilly. This is what I have called transcendental virtuosity; not the mere showing off of technique, but the improper display of personal qualities—"glorious individuality" some people call it—at the expense of the intrinsic characteristics of the music. This is immoral. More than immoral, it is stupid.

An artist worthy of the name desires (one would imagine) to appeal to the most earnest and culture-seeking (that is, truth-seeking) audience. Does this artist, be he pianist, violinist, singer, or orchestral conductor, fondly think, when he announces on a programme that he will play, sing, or conduct a really exalted composition, that he, or the composition, is the more important object in the eyes of the listener whom he should most try to interest? Unquestionably, the composition is of the greatest importance, and every listener has an inalienable right to hear that composition in all the integrity that the performer's high talents—genius, if you will—and his thorough and conscientious study can compass. The sincere music-lover does not honour Mr X. for the amount of his own "glorious individuality" that he can put into a Beethoven sonata, but for the amount of Beethoven's individuality and spirit that he can get out of it. The performer whose local or world-wide reputation lends authority to all he does, and who puts his own genius before that of the composer whose works he presents to the public, is little better than a cheat. Aye, and a clumsy cheat too; for however much the "glorious-individuality" people may compel the admiration of the world, one can find, in looking over the list of great artists, that those who have most surely won the respect (which is better than admiration) of the majority of true musicians are those who have been most anxious to do reverent justice to the works of great composers, and not to parade the glorious, or inglorious, individuality of their own precious selves. A great artist should not merely dazzle, and lay hold of the emotions of his hearers; he should try, as far as in him lies, to be a model also.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

Some distinguished lady amateurs have instituted afternoons for the practice of vocal music, in South Kensington, under the musical direction of Mrs Arthur O'Leary. Reinecke's *Schweewittchen* was rehearsed at the first meeting, which took place on Wednesday, March 5th, at Emperor's Gate.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-FIRST SEASON, 1878-79.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

**THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1879.**

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Haydn.
SONG, "Der Wanderer"—Mlle REDEKER ... Schubert.
PRESTO, PASTORALE, and GIGUE, for Pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN ... Scarlatti.

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 3, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Kreuzzug" } ... Schubert.
{ "Ungeduld" } ...
HUNGARIAN DANCES, for pianoforte and violin—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... Brahms and Joachim.
Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

**SEVENTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15, 1879.**

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in B flat (posthumous), for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Ritornel fra poco"—Mlle KLING ... Hasse.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, for pianoforte alone—Mlle JANOTHA ... Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Waldfahrt" } ... Franz.
{ "Tempo passato" } ... Gordiniani.
TRIO, in F major, Op. 80, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle JANOTHA, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... Schumann.
Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

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DEATHS.

On Saturday, March the 8th, at 59, Albert Street, Regent's Park, of rapid consumption, EDWARD NORRIS HOGARTH, aged 45, youngest son of the late GEORGE HOGARTH.

On March 8th, at 10, Powis Road, Brighton, MR SAMUEL BREWER, Music Publisher, of 23, Bishopsgate Street Within and 15, Poultry, E.C. Aged 62.

On Sunday morning, March 9th, EMERSON JOHN WILKES BERNHARDT (late Secretary to the Langham Hall), son of DR BERNHARDT, of Great Portland Street.

On March 12th, at 67, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, MRS PHILP, aged 82.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI was enthusiastically applauded in *Aida* at the Pagliano, Florence.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN.—On Thursday night Miss Zimmermann was to give a "pianoforte recital" at the Assembly Room, Town Hall, Rugby, with Mlle Redeker as the vocalist. Next Tuesday night she is to give another at the Town Hall, Oxford. Those who know in which direction the musical taste of Miss Zimmermann lies need scarcely be reminded of what sort of materials her programmes are likely to consist.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

A Petition from Richard Wagner.

We take the following from the *Berlin Echo*, and are happy to give it wide circulation. The petition it embodies is by no means unreasonable; and, indeed, looking at it fairly, it is quite natural:—

"Richard Wagner, so runs the report, is now endeavouring to collect all the manuscripts of his literary and musical works, most of which have been scattered in various directions. He is still seeking to find out what has become of, among other productions, the manuscript of an opera-libretto he wrote for his friend Reissiger, the composer, since dead. One overture, *Christopher Columbus*; a second, *Polonia*; and a third, '*Rule, Britannia*,' as well as a Symphony, performed in 1833 at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, have already been dispatched to Bayreuth by his admirers, who possessed the autographic treasures. But few persons were aware of the existence of these overtures. Even in Glassenapp's excellent *Biography* there is not, as far as we know, any mention of them. Wagner recently made an application to the family of the late Herr Uhlig, *Kammermusiker*, in Dresden, to return the manuscript of his work, *Oper und Drama*, which he had presented to Uhlig, and the family complied with his wish. There is a little story connected with this manuscript, the dedication of which runs thus:—

"My dear Uhlig, you once betrayed to me the fact that you had the weakness of entertaining a feeling of conservative partiality for autographic manuscripts. As it happens to be Christmas, I have the pleasure of supplying a little refreshing nourishment for the said weakness. Preserve, then, in Heaven's name, this manuscript as part of your domestic establishment. But, above everything, contemplate with satisfaction the cover, by which I have endeavoured to convey the change of Goethe's maxim: 'All theory, my friend, is grey,' into 'Red, my dear friend, is my theory!' as I can conscientiously assure you.—Yours, Richard Wagner. Zurich, Dec. 21, 1851."—*Berlin Echo*.

Anyone who is in the habit of consulting the columns of the *Musical World*, and who possesses a manuscript or manuscripts of Herr Wagner, may safely deposit them at our office, whence they will forthwith be transmitted to Bayreuth.—D. P.

STEPHEN HELLER ON HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

WE are glad to afford all the publicity within our means of bestowing to the subjoined affectionate tribute from a living artist to a dead one—from Stephen Heller to his old and intimate friend, Hector Berlioz—each, though moving in different spheres, famous in his way.

"I cannot resist the pleasure of having a chat with you about Berlioz. You have been writing on the Paris Exhibition, and an article in which you speak a great deal of this highly gifted man has caused me to take the step I do.—People in Germany appear to believe that in Paris Berlioz's music was everywhere misunderstood, misappreciated, and actually laughed to scorn. The majority of the public, many artists, and a portion of the press were, I certainly must admit, rather adverse than favourable. Still more frigid and repellent was naturally the demeanour adopted by the official guardians entrusted with the safe keeping of the great seals of good taste: the sworn connoisseurs, the privy councillors of music, and all possessing a seat and vote in the *sacré collège* of the Conservatory and of the Institute. And they were not so wrong,

* Addressed to Dr Hauslick, and published by him in the *Neue freie Presse*.

after all, in making things rather uncomfortable for this Terrorist and his programme, which now and then was somewhat wild. I believe these more or less violent opponents of his to have been perfectly sincere, and I can very well understand how the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, a man deficient neither in talent nor wit, must necessarily regard Berlioz's first Symphony as the music of a lunatic asylum. But Berlioz's sternest critics were the 'connoisseurs' of the educated higher classes. Reared in the religion of a certain music, they could see in Berlioz only a hateful and heretical reformer. A portion of these dilettantes acknowledged nothing save the simple moving or sparkling tunes of the old French music (Dalayrac, Méhul, Monsigny, Grétry, &c.); the graceful, piquant, wittily-animated, pleasing, and theatrical strains of comic opera; or, lastly, the magnificent, brilliant, and dramatically-coloured productions of the Meyerbeerian muse. By far the most respectable part of these dilettantes had attained in the Conservatory Concerts and the numerous Quartet Associations a not insignificant amount of musical education, in about the same way as by frequent and observant visits to museums and galleries a man may gain an eye for painting and sculpture. Now, when all these various classes of persons fond of music, especially the last named, turned with dissatisfaction from Berlioz's compositions, it must be granted that they did not do so out of blind hostility, and could be at no loss to justify their blame and their taste. His weaker opponents objected to him because they could not at once retain in their heads his melodies (supposing any were to be found in what he wrote), and that to understand such complicated architecture required a very learned musician. Others laughed at his ultra-romantic programmes; at the masses of instruments; and at the mad demands he made upon the performers. His strongest opponents, however, had very weighty grounds for their strictures on the new music. They relied on Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The works of these great benefactors were forcing their way every day more deeply and more convincingly into the souls of mankind as represented in Paris. When these lofty names were pronounced, Berlioz's boldest adherents were silent. . . . I have employed the word: adherents; I wanted to make you understand that, while this very eminent man certainly had, and even still has, numerous adversaries, he had at a very early date attracted round him a constantly increasing circle of friends, partisans, and even unbounded admirers.

"As far back as 1838, when I first came to Paris, Berlioz stood quite apart from all other artists there. Even then it was impossible any longer to dispute his right to the name of a daring seeker after the Great in Art. His works, his words, and his whole bearing gave him the air of a revolutionist as regards the old musical régime which he was fond of supposing had lived itself out. I do not know whether he was a Girondin or a Terrorist, but I believe he was not unwilling to declare Rossini, Cherubini, Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, &c., those "Pitts" and "Coburges" of the corrupt state of music, guilty of high treason, and to put them on their trial. The horrible aristocrats of music were played every day, and, in receiving the regulated percentage on the receipts, were sucking the marrow of their subjects, the public.

"But Paris is the only place in the world where people understand all situations, and like to search out the strangest among them for the purpose, to a certain degree, of encouraging and supporting them. Only the situation must possess some especial features; it must have a physiognomy of its own; or be characterized by something pathetic. In a word, a man must have a legend circulated around him. Berlioz had several legends. There was his invincible passion for music, a passion which neither threats nor poverty could diminish, he, the son of a well-to-do physician in high repute at Grenoble, being compelled to become a chorus-singer at one of the smallest theatres; there was his fantastic love for Miss Smithson, who, as Ophelia and Juliet had carried him away, though he did not understand a word of English; and, lastly, there was his *Symphonie fantastique*, depicting his feelings, and, when heard by her, causing the English actress, who, on her part, understood nothing about music, to reciprocate his love—all these things furnished Berlioz with the situation here necessary for exciting the sympathies of certain enthusiasts. Men of this kind, intelligent, partial, ready for any service and frequently capable of any sacrifice, are to be found in Paris by every man of genuine talent, provided that talent be exhibited in a certain light. Thus, a few months after I first made his acquaintance, I saw that

Berlioz was beginning to be accepted as the head and chief of the unappreciated geniuses of Paris. He was unappreciated, it is true. But like a man who might easily be so. Berlioz raised the non-appreciation of talent to a dignity, for the appreciation, nay, the profound admiration, of a large circle, caused the want of appreciation to appear so glaring and so unloveable that it obtained for its object new friends every day. This compensation would have sufficed to make a man of a more philosophical disposition feel happier. The delicate sense of the Parisians, (I mean of a certain class among them) was hurt and insulted at seeing an artist, who had, at any rate, given proof of eminent talent, glowing zeal, and high courage, persecuted, blamed, and plunged in poverty. And Frenchmen are not contented with merely loving quietly and platonically; with wishing a friend every possible kind of good fortune and then leaving matters to take their own course. They are active, set about a thing in good earnest, and do not require to be adjured in the name of everything that is holy to open their lips for the purpose of uttering a few enthusiastic words for an unappreciated artist needful of praise. The French Government, in the person of Count Gasparin, one of the Ministers, made a beginning, and ordered of Berlioz a *Requiem* (a work, by the way, full of magnificent things), and subsequently the funeral music for the interment of those who fell in July—also, of its kind, an admirable tone-painting, only not so well known. Meanwhile, all more or less gifted, more or less unappreciated, art disciples and apprentices ranged themselves around their honoured chief. They were apostles, clients, and business men given to Berlioz by nature. It was especially members of other professions who were attracted towards him, when not by his music, by his poetic intentions and picturesque programmes. Nearly all the painters (who as a rule have a taste for music), engravers, sculptors, and architects, were numbered among his adherents. To these must be added many of the best poets and romance-writers, such as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, Balzac, the painters Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, &c., who saw in him, and very justly, an adept of the romantic school. All these great writers, who had not a spark of music in themselves, and who in the most solemn scenes of their dramas had a waltz by Strauss played to heighten the emotion or terror—it is true the waltz was played in a slow and solemn manner, with mutes and a certain amount of tremolo—all these men raved about Berlioz, and demonstrated their sympathy by their words and their writings. Lastly, with all these active propagandists of the quasi unappreciated Berlioz was allied a section, small, indeed, but influential, of the fashionable and elegant world—people who desired to obtain at a cheap rate the reputation of freethinkers. They were not capable of distinguishing a sonata of Wanhals or Diabelli's from one of Beethoven's, but they cried out against the criminal sensuousness of modern music; they ridiculed those of their own station who revelled in Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber; and prophecied the destruction of such vicious, short-skirted melodies and the victory of a new, world-moving, sublime, and eternally—virile art.

"If now you add the not inconsiderable number of good and genuine musicians capable of understanding the really bold and Grandiose, the frequently wonderful originality, and the magical orchestration of his scores, you will allow that Berlioz did not live and work in such isolation as he was fond of asserting. From 1838, the instances growing more frequent with the course of time, detached pieces of his Symphonies found brilliant, nay general, recognition. They were encored and tumultuously applauded. I will mention merely the "Marche au Supplice" in the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the "Marche des Pèlerins" and the "Sérénade dans les Abruzzes," in *Harold en Italie*, the party at Capulet's in *Roméo et Juliette*, several things from *La Fuite en Egypte*, the overture to the *Carnaval Roman*, &c. That much of high significance in his works was only slightly successful cannot be denied. But to how many equally great, nay greater, artists has this not happened? There was scarcely ever an artist so much a stranger to anything like resignation, that German virtue, as Berlioz, and it was in vain that I played the part of a German Plutarch, relating to him traits from the lives of such men as Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schiller (whom he liked very much), &c."

(To be continued.)

To the absolute truth of much that is contained in the

foregoing letter (and its sequel, yet to come) which Dr Edward Hanslick has gracefully inserted in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*, usually filled by his own admirable criticisms, testimony might be borne by more than one person in this country, the result of long-enduring friendship and frequent correspondence. Happily, no such testimony is required. Though the circle of which Berlioz was the centre was, for reasons easily understood, comparatively limited, those once within were never over anxious to get out of it. His chosen friends may have been few, but they were devoted. Stephen Heller was one of the most intimate—and of the worthiest.—D. P.

SOME NEW ENGLISH MUSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

DEAR MR EDITOR.—An interesting and somewhat unusual performance took place on Friday the 7th at the residence of Professor Macfarren, which merits being recorded in your columns. It consisted of a selection from the compositions of Mr F. W. Davenport, whose prize symphony three years ago first drew attention to his name. Since then we have heard but little of this composer; it seems, however, that he has not been idle, but in the true spirit of an artist, worked and waited, and we cannot but think that such thorough musicianship as is shown in his music, backed by the grace and freshness of his ideas, will ensure him a high place among the musical producers of our time. The following was the programme:—

Trio in B flat, Allegro, Andante, Finale—pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, violin, Herr Ludwig Straus, violoncello, Signor Piatti; Songs, "The Starlings" and "Mother's Evening Song"—Mme Sophie Löwe; Variations on an original theme for pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Songs, "Two hearts" and "In a strange land"—Mlle Helene Arnim; Songs, "Aus der Jugendzeit," "Ich sprach," and "Scheuche doch mit deinem Pfeile"—Mme Sophie Löwe; Six short pieces for violoncello and pianoforte (1. Con moto, 2. Romance, 3. Poco scherzando, 4. Canon, 5. Allegro energico, 6. Melody with changes)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti.

The trio, musically speaking the most important piece of the selection, is admirably written for the instruments; compact and clear in form, and abounding in melody, it went most admirably, while the final *scherzando* was dashed off with a vigour truly exhilarating. Miss Zimmermann played the variations on an original theme in her most finished manner, and worked up the long sustained pedal of the *coda* with extraordinary enthusiasm. As for Signor Piatti in the six short pieces, it is not even granted to this incomparable artist to play always as he did on this occasion; the audience listened breathlessly, and would fain have had them nearly all repeated.

Nor was the vocal music behind in interest. Mme Sophie Löwe in the plaintively sweet setting of Kingsley's "Starlings" and "Mother's Evening Song," sang with unaffected expression, and in the very original three *Lieder* with unusual animation. Mlle Arnim was most successful in "Two hearts," a fine dramatic ballad which well suited her vigorous style.

To sum up, the impression left on hearing this much of the young composer's music, there appears to be amongst us one who combines the rare gifts of technical skill combined with fluent and graceful thought. As the possessor of these I hail Mr Davenport a welcome member of the highest department in our art. Believe me, dear Mr Editor, your constant reader, B. C.

MR MANNS WITHOUT PARASITES.

We read the subjoined apposite and discreetly balanced reflections in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 11th inst:—

"Great importance is deservedly attached to the Saturday concerts. But many persons lose sight of the fact that, apart from these exceptionally fine entertainments, much very good music may be heard at the Crystal Palace every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The ordinary band would be deemed admirable in any country. It is reinforced on Saturdays by a certain number of leading instrumentalists. But substantially it is the same through-

out the week; and much of the perfection which marks the Saturday performances is due to the orchestra's being composed for the most part of musicians in the habit of playing together day after day under the direction of a singularly able conductor. Independently of their general interest as musical performances, these concerts possess special value for the opportunities presented to young artists of testing their powers, and, in fortunate cases, of displaying their talent. No fewer than three new pianists—new, at least, to the Crystal Palace—have been announced to appear at the ordinary concerts of the present week. Miss Florence Sanders was yesterday to have played Mozart's pianoforte concerto in C. On Wednesday Miss Margaret Bucknall (a young lady who has several times performed solo pieces with great success at Mr Boosey's London Ballad Concerts) will be heard in Mendelssohn's second concerto. On Friday Miss Anna Werner will execute Mozart's concerto in D minor. Last week, at Wednesday's concert, Miss Ockleston, a highly promising artist just arrived from Leipzig—where, as local journals report, she has made a name both as pianist and composer of songs—created a very favourable impression in Weber's *Concert-stück* and a *Polonaise* by Chopin. Pianists increase and multiply to an alarming extent; and the island to which Alphonse Karr once proposed that the whole race should be banished would need in the present day to be a large one. If, however, they all played as intelligently and as brilliantly as Miss Ockleston, not even the pianophobic writer of *Les Guêpes* would wish to pronounce sentence of exile against them."

What species does not "increase and multiply?" It may be said of phenicopters no less truly than of pianists. Because Alphonse Karr, like Théophile Gautier, Pope, Dr Johnson, Walter Scott and the last King of the Cannibal Islands, had no ear for music, and because Charles Lamb (which cannot be related of the Baron Charles Mouton de Kenni—*pace* "F. C. B."), although he wrote a superb "Chapter on Ears," had not a single ear for music, even while his friend, Vincent Novello was thundering on the organ, that is hardly a reason why pianists, like violinists, singers, and herrings, should not "increase and multiply." Let them, then, "increase and multiply," and let the best of them stand foremost—as in all likelihood will be the case. *Que me vuez tu, Sonate?*—D. P.

ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL CONCERTS.

A series of concerts announced under the above designation will in all likelihood do something—nay, much—to enhance the musical attraction of the approaching month of May. There is to be an orchestra numbering no fewer than 110 executants, and the director of the performances will be Herr Hanns Richter, the Viennese conductor of Bayreuth celebrity, and, indeed, a justly famous conductor of any music significantly important that he may choose to take in hand. A characteristic feature of the concerts is to be their Wagnerian tendency, and this more particularly with reference to Wagner's later compositions. At the first, second, and fourth concerts (the series is limited to four, two evening and two morning—on the 5th, 7th, 8th, and 12th of May), an entire part will be exclusively devoted to the music of that extraordinary composer; and at each of these one of the great symphonies of Beethoven, the three selected being the C minor, the A major, and the "Eroica," to hear one and all of which under the sway of Herr Richter's *bâton* would of itself suffice to excite a natural curiosity. The "chef d'attaque," or leading violin in the orchestra, is to be Herr Hermann Franke. The programme of the third concert is to be given up to "chamber music," including "works by Brahms and other eminent modern composers." Who are to be the performers in this department is not yet stated. The singers already advertised to take part in the selections from Wagner's operatic (or "dramatic") music are Frau Schuch Roeka, Fraulein Augusta Redeker, and Herr George Henschel. There can be no doubt that the promised concerts will command a great measure of public attention.

VIENNA.—During his recent visit M. Offenbach came to an arrangement with Herr Jauner for the production, in the autumn, at the Imperial Operahouse, of *Les Contes fantastiques d'Hoffmann* (libretto by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier), which was to have been produced at the Paris Galté, under M. Albert Vizentini, but which has never yet been performed.—Mme Pauline Lucra has appeared at the Imperial Operahouse as the wilful heroine of Bizet's *Carmen*. Her impersonation, as might have been expected, is highly spirited and full of talent.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The following celebrated composers died in the month of March: Muzio Clementi, on the 10th, 1832, in London; G. B. Viotti, on the 10th, 1824, in London; Ignatius Moscheles, on the 10th, 1870, in Leipzig; Luigi Cherubini, on the 15th, 1842, in Paris; Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, on the 16th, 1736, in Pozzuoli; Fromental Halévy, on the 17th, 1862, at Nice; Giovanni Battista Lulli, on the 22nd, 1687, in Paris; Ferdinando Giorgetti, on the 23rd, 1867, at Florence; Ludwig van Beethoven, on the 26th, 1827, in Vienna.

THE BACH CHOIR.—The Bach Choir holds its first concert for the present season, at St James's Hall, on the 3rd of April, when (by desire) Bach's Mass in B minor will be performed. The conductor, as before, is Herr Otto Goldschmidt.

An ingenious writer in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* claims to be the first who has called attention to the absurdity of substituting the term "Service" for that of "Mass," when a piece of Catholic music is in question. Let this zealous but perfunctory scribe consult back files of the *Musical World*, the *Times*, and other papers for more than a quarter of a century.

M. GEVAERT himself "denies" the "denial of the denial" that he is to be appointed Inspector-General of Conservatories and Schools of Music in Belgium.

It may be remembered that, some three months ago, at a concert in Berlin, Joachim took the place of M. Henri Wieniawski, suddenly prevented by illness from proceeding with the execution of the pieces set down for him. A similar incident recently occurred in Moscow. In the midst of Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, Wieniawski was seized with a fainting fit. Herr Hilf, a young violinist, who was turning over the music, hereupon took the violin from his hand, and successfully finished the Sonata.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR ERNEST DURHAM's annual concert took place at the Bow and Bromley Institute on the 27th February, when he was assisted by Misses Emma Beasley and Annie Butterworth, Messrs James Sydney and Charles Durham. The concert opened with Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," sung by Misses Beasley and Butterworth with Mr C. Durham. Miss Beasley was much applauded for "Within a mile of Edinboro' town"; Miss Annie Butterworth sang Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (to which Mr Ernest Durham played the organ *obbligato*) and Molloy's "Darby and Joan"; Mr Charles Durham gave with spirit "Arm, arm, ye brave" (*Judas Maccabæus*), and "I fear no foe" (Pisniti); Mr James Sydney sang "The Message" (Blumenthal); Mr Ernest Durham played two solos—a Rondo by Hummel, and Benedict's "Cambria." Mr Durham's playing has much improved since we last heard him, and he has gained in self-possession. Mr Durham introduced some of his more advanced pupils, who were highly successful. The playing of Misses Florence Westhorp, Scott, and Ettie Castle, and the singing of Miss Rose Wortley, Mr Bennett, and Miss Alice Wortley was especially commendable.—(From a Correspondent.)

PROVINCIAL.

ABERDEEN.—The University Choral Society's concert (last of the season) was very well attended. Sir Herbert Oakeley's choruses, "Gaudeamus" and "Alma Mater," respectively heading the first and second parts of the programme, being effectively rendered, met with the unanimous applause to which their merits entitle them. Mr Van Geynel played a pianoforte sonata by Haydn, besides a Fantasia on Scotch airs by Willie Pape, and Messrs Robinson, Wilson, Rolison, Shaw, Adamson, Steel, and Thomson, gave songs by Michael Watson, E. J. Loder, Vincent Wallace, and other English composers, to the manifest satisfaction of their hearers. Mr Kirby presided at the organ, and Herr Meid conducted.

BOSTON (LINCOLNSHIRE).—Mr Francis Howell's cantata, *The Song of the Months*, has been performed by the Choral Society under the direction of Mr Burland. The principal singers were Misses Ellen Horne, Lizzie Green, Messrs Hayes and Vivian. The society, but recently established, gave the choruses remarkably well, and the entire work was listened to with interest.

PLYMOUTH.—Professor Macfarren's *Joseph* has been introduced here by the Vocal Association, with Miss José Sherrington (soprano), Miss Orridge (contralto), Mr Barton McGuckin (tenor), and Messrs Brocolini and Ludwig (barytone and bass), in the leading parts. The choruses were well rendered, especially "A voice was heard in Ramah." Miss Sherrington had to repeat "I will open my mouth," and Mr Barton McGuckin was highly effective in "My sons, tell me all that befel ye?" Mr Faull presided at the organ and Mr Pardew led the band. Mr Löhr conducted.

EDINBURGH.—A special organ performance was given on Thursday, March 6, by Sir Herbert Oakeley to the members of the University Musical Society. The programme consisted mainly of selected pieces. Among those present were: Professors Crum Brown, Fraser, Kelland, Lorimer, Muirhead, Sanders, Sir C. Wyville Thomson, Turner, and Tytler; Mr and Mrs John Cook, W.S., and others connected with the University.

BRIGHTON.—*The Queen of Hearts*, a cantata by Miss Harriet Young, produced under favourable circumstances in the conservatory at the Aquarium on Saturday afternoon, March 1st, is just the class of piece calculated to give variety to the miscellaneous afternoon concerts. Its reproduction in Brighton naturally excited some interest in musical circles, inasmuch as it first underwent the ordeal of public opinion in this town. Mr Crapps presided at the piano; the singers were Mr Thorndike, Mr Percy Blandford, and Miss Sherrington. The lady sang with remarkable taste, and there was a charming piquancy in her acting highly enjoyable.

AUGUST WILHELMJ AT NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Tribune.")

The glory of the concert, however, was the playing of Wilhelmj. The great artist, inspired, perhaps, by his great programme, a responsive audience, and an orchestra evidently on its mettle, was in magnificent temper. We hardly know what to say of his performance of the Beethoven *Allegro** without seeming to fall into extravagance. The gigantic breadth of the interpretation, the astonishing richness and homogeneity of the tone, the fine, deep flavour of the sentiment—poetic, yet so manly and so healthy—went far beyond the highest achievements in this grand style of all other violinists we have heard, while in mere technical finish the performance seemed to us unsurpassable. The audience took fire. Everybody's blood seemed to run faster as Wilhelmj went on; after the *cadenza* (his own) the house hardly restrained itself during the few closing measures; and at the end people rose to their feet and cheered, and called back the triumphant artist again and again. He played then his beautiful transcription of Walther's Prize-song from the *Meistersinger*, the orchestra furnishing a subdued and rightly coloured accompaniment, above which the solo instrument was allowed to sing, as it should. How truly Wilhelmj has preserved the flavour of this famous air, which seems to be full of the spirit of youth, hope, peace, and sunshine! In the Bach *Chaconne*, perhaps, he made even a more remarkable impression than in the concerto. We cannot believe that the majestic old master would have had his immortal piece otherwise played than it was by this majestic and reverent artist, with superb poise and assurance, perfect rhythm, a strong arm that never tires, and a delicate hand, for which no graces are too fine. As a second encore, Wilhelmj played, with orchestral accompaniment, a fascinating *Romanza* of his own. He left us filled with regret that we have heard so little of him.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last but three of Mr John Boosey's unceasingly attractive Ballad Concerts for the present season was given on Wednesday at St James's Hall. Mr Sims Reeves, who had been absent on two previous occasions, was enthusiastically greeted, and gave "The Stolen Kiss" (Beethoven) and "The Hunter's Song" (Mendelssohn) with his accustomed vigour, expression, and intelligence. Later in

* First movement of the concerto.—Ed.

the evening Mr Reeves sang "Tom Bowling" so much to the satisfaction of the audience that he was compelled to return to the platform no less than three times. Mr Santley sang Schubert's "Erl King" (encored, substituting Hatton's ever-popular "To Anthea") and "Simon the Cellarer," in reply to a general demand for the repetition of which, our great baritone gave "The Rakes of Mallow." Mr Barton McGuckin, in Reichardt's "Love's Request," and a new song by Mr Behrend (a grandson of Michael William Balfe), entitled "Blue Eyes," produced a highly favourable impression, and was called upon to repeat the latter. Mr Edward Lloyd's contributions, not less acceptable, comprised "Phillis is my only joy" (encored), "Oft in the stilly night," and Mr Maybrick's "The Silver cup," by Stephen Adams (encored), &c. The lady vocalists were Mdmé Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Orridge (who gave Henry Smart's always welcome "Lady of the Lea," Professor Hullah's "Three Fishers," and "The harp that once through Tara's halls"), Misses Mary Davies and Damian. Mdmé Arabella Goddard, as usual, the pianist, played a Fantasia by Thalberg and Gavottes by Rameau and Handel in her best manner, and with her accustomed success. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker, assisted. Mr Sidney Naylor was accompanist. Again, in every respect, an excellent programme, varied, interesting, and to the purpose.

A Sly Suggestion.

To all whom it may concern.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In full contrast with our best instrumental concerts are those interesting entertainments of English vocal music to which the name of "ballad concerts" is given. The contrast is one of style, not merit; and for lovers of genuine vocal melody no more agreeable evening can be suggested than that which may be passed at St James's Hall on the occasion of a London Ballad Concert. It seems a mistake to confine the programmes at these concerts to English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh airs. Why should not some of Schumann's truly poetical settings of Burns's songs be introduced? Why, too, should we not be allowed from time to time to hear foreign ballads—such as the Swedish national airs sung so charmingly by Mdmé Christine Nilsson, and with equal expression and equal attention to characteristic features by Mlle Victoria de Bunsen? Meanwhile the ballad concerts, as actually given, are not only worthy of being supported, but by those who attend them are sure to be enjoyed.—*Shaver Silver.*

Instinct. "Ware instinct. Instinct is a great matter. The Lion will not touch the true Prince." Mr John Boosey's "true Prince" is his "London Ballad Concert," as it flourishes, has flourished, and will flourish. *Per Hercle!* Have we not enough of foreign music?—*Otto Beards.*

UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

At Woolwich, Thomas Benson, aged 31, who described himself as a "professional singer," was charged before Mr Slade with being drunk and disorderly, using bad language, and assaulting a policeman. The prisoner, in his defence, said, "It is only right, your Honour, that I should take this opportunity of saying that I have nothing to complain of individually with respect to that man (the constable). But I am an honest man, Sir; poor, as you see, but striving to get a virtuous livelihood. But the cruelty and indifference of my fellow-men embitters my existence. For the last six months I have been singing about town some of the finest songs in the English language. I have sung for two hours at a time before the mansions of the rich and noble, and then perhaps they have given me twopence. Is it not brutal that people dwelling in style and elegance should listen to a vocalist for two hours and then give him two coppers? There must be something wrong when a man like me, who is capable of giving expression to the music of the best composers, should have his feelings agonized as mine have been by the coldness and contempt of the world. In the best streets and squares of London I have sung as many as a hundred songs for eightpence; but the people have no ear; the taste for music has degenerated, and I am the victim." Mr Slade sentenced Professor Benson to two months' imprisonment and hard labour.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Anton Rubinstein's opera of *Feramors* was, after numerous delays and postponements, successfully produced at the Royal Operahouse on the 4th inst. The audience applauded freely throughout, especially Mdmé Mallinger and Herr Niemann. On the fall of the curtain there was a general call for the composer, but the stage-manager announced that he was not in the house. It was originally intended that he should himself conduct, but this intention was not carried out. The *Berliner Musikzeitung* says: "As regards the discrepant and, on the whole, inexact statements in the papers, we can affirm most emphatically that the Berlin public had to forego the pleasure of seeing the composer himself conduct his opera of *Feramors*, solely because Mdmé Mallinger refused to sing certain portions of her part, especially in a scene where a dance is executed round Lalla Rookh (Mdmé Mallinger), and for which dance the lady has an *obligato* vocal accompaniment." The "holidays" of the Theatre Royal will this year be arranged as follows: There will be no opera from 14th June to 13th August; no dramatic performances from 15th June to 14th August; and no ballet from 23rd June to 6th August.

AN AMATEUR ACTOR.

(From "The Theatre.")

Some five-and-thirty years ago a certain amateur actor made desperate efforts to win applause upon the London stage. His every essay was the occasion of riot and tumult; he was invariably received with hisses, howls, and yells of execration. He was not laughed at, for he was not a harmless, stage-stricken lunatic, of the type of "Romeo" Coates, of Highmore, or of Captain Otway; he had real claims as an actor; his thorough acquaintance with histrionic art qualified him to appear with distinction upon the scene; but his private character was absolutely detestable; he had thriven by the most odious and infamous means. The virtuous British public, which had expelled Edmund Kean from the theatre because of the injuries he had inflicted upon the absurd Alderman Cox, could not well spare so consummate a scoundrel as Mr Barnard Gregory, editor and proprietor of the *Satirist* newspaper. Nor was the matter left altogether in the hands of the ordinary class of playgoers; there was an organized opposition to the performances of the amateur; his enemies, who were for the most part his victims, had banded themselves together, resolved at all costs to hunt and hoot and pelt him from the stage. Vowing vengeance against their libeller, they took the law into their own hands; they would have "wild justice," if they could have no other; and it is impossible to blame them for what they did. Gregory must have been fully conscious of his own powerlessness, if not of his own villainy, when he sought to play Hamlet at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1843, before an infuriated mob that would not listen to a word he said, that stood on the benches the better to mock at him, revile him, and drown his voice by their jeers, and shrieks, and roars of insult and oburgation. The leader of the opposition was well known to be a member of the Royal family, his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, living here in style, a tenant of the large house encompassed by a high brick wall, nearly fronting Marylebone Church, in what is now called the Marylebone Road. His Highness, a mysterious, eccentric, and perhaps rather crazy personage, laced and padded into symmetry, wearing dyed hair and rouged cheeks, and noted for his enormous wealth and for his priceless collection of diamonds, was then a well-known figure in London. He had suffered much from the poisoned pen of Gregory; and, seated in a private box, attended by a group of English and foreign friends, courtiers, equerries, and lackeys, he ruled the whirlwind and directed the storm of obloquy and vituperation, calmly enjoying the discomfiture and humiliation of his foe—its object. For some time the amateur controlled his temper, seeming to await the good pleasure of his persecutors, and seeking to conciliate the house by his aspect of forbearance and respect. But it was wholly in vain. Now and then there occurred lulls in the tempest when impromptu orators in the pit or the dress circle stood up to demand:—"Husbands and fathers, will you suffer the insulter of your wives and daughters to intrude his loathsome presence upon you?" or when the Hamlet of the night turned to bandy insult and invective with the Duke and his associates, or sought to address the house in a formal speech. He was not permitted to be audible. It was only known that once more—he had brought the same charge in his newspaper on previous occasions—he had denounced his Serene Highness as the assassin of Eliza Grimwood, an unfortunate woman who had been found murdered in her room in Wellington Terrace, Waterloo Road, so far back as the 26th May, 1838. There was an

end, for a while, of Mr Gregory's endeavours to obtain recognition as an actor.

It may be necessary to explain, perhaps, that the *Age* newspaper; and the *Satirist*, which followed it, and was, indeed, only the *Age* newspaper under a new name, carried on a system of libel and extortion. They obtained the support of the readers delighting in scandal and calumny, no matter how disgraceful or disgusting, and further, they prospered by levying black mail upon those who dreaded exposure or slander. The libels were often sent in manuscript to the persons concerned, accompanied by notice that publication would promptly ensue unless a considerable price was paid for suppression of the defamation. The weak yielded to this threat and were often plundered accordingly of large amounts; the strong resisted, were consequently libelled, and sought to punish their assailant in a court of law. The legal remedy was expensive, however, and not always efficacious. Four indictments of the *Age* newspaper—one arising out of a shameful libel upon the well-known Thomas Raikes—all failed one fine morning in the Court of Queen's Bench, in part owing to the eloquence of Henry Brougham, and in part because of the leniency of the juries of that time in relation to libels. But in 1839, Bernard Gregory had been found guilty of libel on a lady whom he had accused of bigamy and other offences, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In 1843, he was convicted of a series of libels upon the Duke of Brunswick, charging him with the murder of Eliza Grimwood; and about the same time, in the Court of Common Pleas, the jury returned a verdict in favour of the Duke of Brunswick and others, accused of conspiracy in that they had hired people to hiss Gregory on the occasion of his appearance as an actor at Covent Garden. There was, usually, no sort of warrant for the libels of the *Age* and *Satirist*; they were shameless lies, simply. The murder of Eliza Grimwood was one of those sensational tragedies which sometimes greatly excite the town; it was, as it remains, a case of undiscovered crime. The murderer was believed to be a foreigner, but the police failed to arrest the suspected man. The Duke's only connection with the crime arose from a rumour, found afterwards to be groundless, that a pair of gloves which had once belonged to him had been found in the dead woman's chamber. Those curious in the matter may read in one of the "Reprinted Pages" of Charles Dickens, relating his interviews with certain members of the detective police, the story of the gloves found in Eliza Grimwood's room. They really furnished no clue to her assassin.

Gregory made a later attempt to appear as Hamlet at the Haymarket Theatre, in August, 1846. The regular season had terminated; a Mr Davidson had engaged the house for a short season; Gregory was announced to play a round of Shakspearean characters. But the old systematic rioting was renewed; again the actor was driven from the stage. He continued his efforts for several evenings, but the spectators scarcely abated their uproar. At length Mr Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the theatre, interfered and ejected his tenants, lest his property should suffer serious injury from the indignation of the public. Gregory and his company, which consisted chiefly of amateurs, removed to the Strand Theatre, then in a very obscure and unprosperous condition. Apparently it was not thought worth while to molest him much at the Strand. I find by a newspaper of the time that he played there several characters, among them Falstaff in the first part of *Henry IV*. But Shakspeare at the Strand Theatre in the month of August was not likely to attract large or enthusiastic audiences. The amateur did not greatly attract the public.

I was not present either at Covent Garden or the Haymarket when Gregory was hissed and hooted at. I had an opportunity of seeing him, however, upon one occasion at the St James's Theatre, engaged for a special performance by a club of amateurs, calling themselves the Shakspeareans, I think. The play was *The Iron Chest*; Gregory was, of course, the Sir Edward Mortimer of the night. My opinion of the representation is, I need hardly say, of very trifling value. I was at the time a small person in a schoolboy's jacket, with a turned-over linen collar of large dimensions. I knew nothing, happily, of the *Age* or the *Satirist*, or of the infamy of Gregory; I had never heard of him before. To me he seemed a very fine performer; and this was the opinion, I found, of really competent critics, who, holding the man in detestation, could yet recognise fully his merits as an actor. My father, I recollect—a theatrical Tory, a devout admirer of John Kemble and Charles Young, maintaining Edmund Kean to be, if brilliant, certainly wrong—was yet willing to concede the singular histrionic capacity of Bernard Gregory. For my part, I was completely carried away by the force and passion of the actor. I was an immature and incapable judge, no doubt; nevertheless I had seen Macready and Charles Kean, and was thus provided with a standard by which to test, after a fashion, the gravity of this Sir Edward Mortimer. I have forgotten many performers and performances that have appeared or occurred in the interval, but

I still retain a lively recollection of that representation of *The Iron Chest*. It was said that Gregory was a follower or imitator of Edmund Kean. He possessed a fine, strong, sonorous voice, something hoarse, perhaps in its lower tones. His features were irregular, yet expressive, his eyes fine and piercing. He was, I think, below the middle stature, and of robust form; but his appearance altogether in his Vandyke dress of puce velvet or fine cloth, with his pale face and iron-grey hair, moustache, and beard—he was carefully made up—was most picturesque. *The Iron Chest* is rather a dull play, perhaps, but it contains two or three highly effective scenes. The part of Sir Edward affords the actor valuable opportunities for the display of conflicting emotions, anger, scorn, pity, fear, shame, remorse, and frenzied despair. I know that Gregory, by his elocutionary skill, the vehemence of his delivery, the passionate abandonment of his manner, roused his audience to extraordinary enthusiasm. He had no enemies in the house that night. He towered above his associates on the stage. He seemed a genuine actor of the first-class, though but amateur. I remember the audience laughing at certain of the performers, particularly at the representative of Armstrong, the robber captive, who had difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r*. The musical embellishments of the drama were omitted, I think, except in regard to Samson's comic song, "A traveller stooped at a widow's gate."



After 1846 Gregory made no further efforts to figure upon the public stage; indeed, he did not long survive. He was dead when the "Recollections" of the Rev. J. Richardson, formerly connected with the *Times* newspaper, were published in 1856. Richardson discourses freely of Gregory, crediting him with the possession of "gentlemanly and retiring manners," "fund of anecdote," and "amusing powers of conversation." *The Satirist* was suppressed at last, in Gregory's life-time, by the force of public opinion, aided by incessant recourse to the law-courts. Still Gregory had prospered. He acquired considerable wealth under the will of an eccentric person known as "Memory Thompson," a retired "brewer's valuer." Litigation ensued; there was some question of undue influence, and a later will was propounded. Gregory compromised the matter, however, by marrying the lady who, failing his own claim, became legally entitled beyond question to "Memory Thompson's" money.



DUTTON COOK.

THE DAY-DREAM OF A POOR CITY CLERK.*

Under the shade of forest boughs At noontide let me lie, With Daphne list'ning to my vows, For her to live or die!	Beyond should vine-clad hills arise, With white cots perch'd above, Rejoicing far off pilgrim's eyes— The homes of truth, and love;
Come, summer winds, around us play, As glad to find love there;	Protecting these I might behold, Of some proud castle nigh
While Daphne's fingers sometimes stray Thro' my enamour'd hair.	Th' embroider'd banner's glancing gold Hung out from turret high.
From one side of my leafy screen Should rise an upland lawn, And there an antler'd stag be seen, With doe beside, and fawn.	An easy stroll beneath the shade Should lead to Daphne's home, Which looks out on an open glade, Where I at sundown roam,
Or, turning over, let me see A river steal away, Thro' flow'ry meads, lov'd of the bee, And lambs with leave to play,	Till Daphne's taper's signal light The truant doth recall; Rejoiceful then, as sunbeams bright, The shades that round me fall.
Past high-fenc'd fields of waving corn, Low lying pastures near, Whence springs the lark to greet the morn, And wake the slumbering steer.	Thus runs at times a blissful dream 'Midst walls of brick and stone; And oh! how dull life seems doth seem Awaking, and alone

* Copyright.

EDMUND PALCONER.

Mdlle Celeste Tosca, an actress, who performed last year at the Variétés, tried to commit suicide the other morning by pointing a revolver at her heart. The bullet, however, lodging instead in her left arm, Mdlle Tosca again endeavoured to repeat the attempt, so she steadied the muzzle of the weapon with her left hand, which, strange to say, received the second bullet. The cries of the unfortunate woman brought her servants to the spot, and a doctor soon arrived, who dressed the wounds.

DEATH OF MRS PHILP.

Those among our readers who know the accomplished song-writer, Miss Elizabeth Philp, will regret to hear of the death of her mother, which took place at her residence, 67, Gloucester Crescent, early on Wednesday morning last.

Mrs Philp had attained the advanced age of 83 years, yet is mourned as if she had died in her prime; for nearly sixty years of wife and motherhood, with their attendant troubles and charges, had failed to dim the brightness of an innocent mind. While her thoughts and words bore witness to her years, she reflected the moods of those around her with the freshness of girlhood. But hers were the joys and griefs of sympathy, for the one of whom all heard the least from her lips, was her gentle self. Of such a one, pages might be written before the subject would be even fairly embarked upon; but her memoir will be better read, as time goes on, in the hearts of her friends. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds will miss that friendly smile, the ever-cheery welcome, and kind word in season, many will remember with regret moments they might have spent enjoying a tender influence which has softened more than one bitter thought, has perhaps raised more than one wavering purpose into a higher channel.

The funeral takes place at Highgate cemetery to-day at half past 10 o'clock.

—o—
WAIFS.

Aida is very successful at Liège.

Flotow's *Alma* has been performed at Schwerin.

The Cincinnati College of Music has already 283 pupils.

The Frigerio-Lupi buffo opera company are at Saragossa.

Bottesini's *Ero e Leandro* is to be given at the San Carlo.

The theatre in Verona is to be transformed into a Politeama.

Le Roi de Lahore will be performed during the season at Pisa.

Signora Virginia Ferni has been singing at the Liceo, Barcelona.

It is reported in Berlin that Joachim intends settling in London (!).

Herr W. Tappert has seceded from the Berlin Wagner Association.

Herr Franz Diemer, the pianist, has removed from Dresden to Berlin.

Sig. Bolis, the tenor, returned from Barcelona, has been stopping in Milan.

Mdlle Heilbron is engaged for a series of performances at the San Carlo, Naples.

M. Ambroise Thomas's *Amleto* has been produced at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

A permanent annual grant of 20,000 roubles has been accorded the Moscow Conservatory.

A new comic opera, *Faustina*, by Herr Louis Schubert, will be produced in Altenburg.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will reproduce Brüll's opera, *The Golden Cross*, this evening.

M. Planté, the well-known pianist, has been decorated with the Cross of the Order of Leopold.

Mr Samuel Brewer, the well-known musical publisher in the city, died suddenly on Saturday morning.

Mr Carli Zoeller has just finished a mass, to be sung by two tenors and two basses, without accompaniment.

A new tenor, A. Kersten by name, has made his first appearance in Hamburg; "frantically applauded."

Mdlle Meyenheim, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, has been singing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Anton Rubinstein conducted his "Dramatic Symphony" on the 11th at the Subscription Concert in Düsseldorf.

Herr Joseph Gungl has completed a one-act buffo opera, for which Herr Hermann Hirschel furnished the book.

Mad. Artôt-Padilla, M. Denis (violinist), and H. Wieniawski, are making a concert tour in the interior of Russia.

The season at Athens was inaugurated with *Ruy Blas*, the principal honours being carried off by Mr Sweet, an English baritone.

Herr Max Zenger has been commissioned by the management of the Theatre Royal, Munich, to write music for the whole of Goethe's *Faust*. (Fudge !)

The Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Isandula," impromptu on the Zulu war, by "A Soldier's Daughter" (Mrs C. Hunter Hodgson).

Mdme Cave-Ashton, who has just completed a successful engagement at Manchester, commences an operatic tour next week through the principal towns in England.

M. Puzani, formerly manager of the Theatre in Ghent, has been appointed by the Municipal Council, Antwerp, future manager of the Theatre Royal in the latter city.

Miss Selma Borg has been officiating as conductor at New York to what was formerly Thomas's Orchestra, and Miss Mabel Allen is doing the same at Worcester for a band of amateurs.

Those of our readers who have transacted business at Langham Hall, will regret to hear of the death of its secretary, Mr Emerson Bernhardt, who held the appointment for some time, and was esteemed both for urbanity of manners and business qualifications.

Mdme Selina Dolaro, according to a Sunday contemporary, will open the Folly Theatre, April 14, with "an opera in three acts, by a celebrated French composer." The English adaptation is from the pen of Mr Henry Hersee. (Query.—*Les Dragon de Villars* of Maillart ?)

He was no longer young; he had been for years bald; he was never good looking; and he said to little Pearl, in the presence of her parents: "Come now, Pearl, tell me. What do you think of me? Am I handsome or ugly?" And Pearl replied: "I ain't going to tell you, for, if I did, ma' would spank me."

The 141st Anniversary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians will be held on Tuesday next at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen, and a number of eminent musicians will give their aid in the incidental concert. Amateurs can hardly prove the sincerity of their love of music better than by forwarding cheques or post office orders to the zealous secretary, Mr Stanley Lucas, 84, New Bond Street, W.

HERR LEHMEYER'S NEW CONCERTS.—The second of the periodical Concerts, given on the first Saturday in each month at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, took place on Saturday last, the first portion of the concert being devoted to the works of Handel and Haydn. Handel's ever popular variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (his own melody, say what may be said by *examinatores*), preceded by a *fantasia* from the same prolific and exhaustless pen, were played in admirable style by Miss Bessie Richards, who is rapidly rising to the foremost rank among contemporary pianists, and a highly successful *début* was made by a violoncellist, Herr Otto Lee, in a *larghetto* by the same master. A number of popular pieces, included in Part 2 of the programme, were executed by able artists, and the concert was conducted by Mr Sigismund Lehmeier with his usual skill. At the next concert, Saturday, April 5th, selections from Mozart and Beethoven will be presented. —*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

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MUSIC RECEIVED.

J. & W. CHESTER (Brighton).—"The Song of Love and Death," words by Alfred Tennyson, music by Betty Beauchamp.

HATCHARDS (Piccadilly).—"Heart to Heart," with music, by the author of "The Old, Old Story."

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—The Offertory Sentences, set to music by J. T. Field. The Office of the Holy Communion, set to music in the key of E flat, by Alfred J. Eyre.

F. PITMAN.—"Sorrow," song, words by Alice M. Foster, music by Winton Wanborough.

J. O. SMITH (Cheltenham).—The Versicles and other parts of the form of Matrimony, intended to be sung, set to music by J. O. Smith, Royston House, Cheltenham.

It is said that *Carmen* will be given at the Royal Italian Opera this year, with Adelina Patti as the heroine. What a Gipsy!

MR CARL ROSA intends visiting Hanover next month, being invited by Dr Hans von Bülow to hear *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Life for the Czar*. To-night Brühl's *Golden Cross* will be revived at Her Majesty's Theatre. (More English opera!)

THE "posthumous" trio, in A flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Michael William Balfe is to be introduced, for the first time, at the Popular Concerts on Saturday next. There seems a great desire to hear the second Sextet (in G) of Johannes Brahms at one of the Monday Evening Concerts. Mr Chappell is prodigal of new things this year.

At the Crystal Palace Concert to-day there are several features of interest. The programme includes three "novelties"—a pianoforte concerto by Saint-Saëns, an overture (*Guillem de Cabestanh, Troubadour*) by Mr C. Hubert H. Parry, and the "Hungarian Storm-March" by Liszt. The concerto will be played by Miss Helen Hopekirk, an English pianist, new to these concerts. The *Eroica* Symphony is at the head of the programme, so it may be reckoned as tolerably certain that the audience will be speedily in their places.

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